https://corsykitty.livejournal.com/8437.html?thread=9717#t9717

Castiel's on his back and ready for it, just waiting and watching Dean. He's holding his thighs open, fingers dug into skin, and Dean's having trouble accepting that this is reality.

He can't really have this, can he? But he's brushing fingers over Castiel's stomach and watching a blush creep up Castiel's cheeks and he's gripping Castiel's cock and nothing - no one - is stopping him, telling him to back off.

Castiel gives a quiet noise, a little sigh of appreciation as Dean pumps him once, feels how hard he is.

"Cas," Dean murmurs, and he accepts the lube Castiel hands to him, a brief moment where Dean holds his legs open for him, and then Cas' fingers are brushing his own as he resumes the hold, and Dean slicks his fingers, spreads Castiel wide.

Dean makes it a quick motion once he's ready, once his own cock is prepped and he puts his hands on Castiel's sides as he thrusts in. He thrusts steadily, watching Castiel, and yes, he knows Castiel can take it - he still watches Castiel to make sure he's not hurting him.

It feels fantastic, heat and skin and yes, there's the look of bliss on Cas' face he was waiting for and he can let go, trust in Castiel to stop him if he goes too far and Dean cries out in pleased surprise as Castiel lets go of his thighs to grab Dean's shoulders, and it doesn't make sense how Castiel's touch on his mark can send a jolt of heat through him, but it does and it's -

Castiel bends up to kiss him, mouth open and the kiss is sloppy and wet and Dean groans into it, glad for the contact. Glad for this.

Castiel's moving with him now, and for a long moment Dean's lost in it, eyes locked onto Cas' and thrusting back and it's perfect is what it is.

His orgasm catches him by surprise, and he arches, Castiel's hands on him and he's buried deep into Castiel and he can feel Castiel kissing his neck as he shouts, and -

It's a long time before he comes down from it, but he's automatically moved a hand to Castiel's cock to stroke him, and he pants as Castiel comes over his hand, and then it's just them sprawled over each other.

"Cas," Dean manages, and Castiel drags him up, closer to him.

"Cas," Dean repeats, and Castiel kisses him.

"You can have me," Cas rumbles, and Dean closes his eyes, at once unnerved

and reassured that Cas knows what he's thinking. But it's finally enough, and he can let himself drift off in Cas' arms